

野村美月

illustration / 竹岡美穂

吸血鬼になつた
キミは永遠の
愛をはじめる

1



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ファミ通文庫

lang="en">

Kyuuketsuki ni Natta Kimi wa Eien no Ai wo Hajimeru - Volume 01 Chapter 00-02

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(Local Source)

*The black & white novel illustrations not included to avoid spoiling (included in the translation).

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ファミ通文庫

野村美月
知る人ぞ知る台詞王・国語科目
身。切い頃より「物語」を作る
のが好きで、作家を目指す。
『赤城山草場』に歌声は響く
で第3回えんため大賞小説部
門最優秀賞を受賞。趣味、
朝寝、昼寝、夜寝、寝るて全
般。主著に『卓球場シリーズ』
『文学少女』ヒカルが地球に
いたる……などがある。

竹岡美穂
7月1日生まれ。東京都出身。
埼玉県在住の絵描き屋さん。
お茶トラササと古い博覧会風
透明水彩と月光荘のスケッチ
ブックをこよなく愛する。絵
を描くか、何か朗読すれば大
いじやせ。
<http://www.fetichpaint.com/>



野村美月
吸血鬼になったキミは永遠の愛をはじめる①

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KADOKAWA
e₊ enterbrain

バスケットの強豪校で練習に打ち込
んでいた詩也。けれどある日、
彼は人ではないものになっ
てしまった……。人を運かに超える
身体能力を得たため、バスケット
続けられず転校したその先で、
詩也はマリナ様と出会う。絶
大な先輩に出会い、告げられる。
「わたし、おつきあいてく
ださい」——つれていかれた先
は演劇部。そこで詩也は、何と
先輩のパートナーとしてドラキ
ュラを演じることになっしま
い……。!? ドラマティック青春
ノベルここに開幕!!

- 野村美月の著作リスト
- 卓球場シリーズ 全4巻
 - フォー・マイ・ダーリン!
月夜は無邪気に電通泊
 - 天使のベースボール 全2巻
 - Bad! Daddy 全4巻
 - うさ恋。全5巻
 - “文学少女”シリーズ 全8巻
 - “文学少女”見習いシリーズ 全3巻
 - “文学少女”と恋する挿話集 全4巻
 - 半熟作家と“文学少女”な編集者
ヒカルが地球にいたころ…… 全10巻
 - ドレスな僕がやんことなき方々の
家庭教師様な件1〜5
 - 吸血鬼になったキミは
永遠の愛をはじめる①

カバーイラスト 竹岡美穂

フタミ通文庫

「生きたいか……」

「おまえに今から重要な質問をする。
正しく答えられたら、
永遠の命をくれてやろう」

吸血鬼になったキミは永遠の愛をはじめる①

詩也はドキッとした。
その女子生徒が、泣いていたからだ。



原田詩也

春科綾音



黒目がちの優しげな目から、朝露のような涙が一粒ほろりと落ちる。
静かで清らかな泣き顔は、キリストの死を嘆く聖堂のマリア像に似ていて――。

「はじめまして。謎の転校生くん」乃木坂カレン

「海星学園演劇部史上最高のカップルが演じる、
魂が火花を散らす究極のラブロマンスよ。
予測不可能な新鮮な感動を約束するわ」

透川いち子

「フケツ」



私はドラキュラ、神の声も聞こえぬ至高の夜に君臨し、永遠に生き続けるのだ！
——永遠の命！ 永遠の支配！ なんて素晴らしい！

『彼に出会ってから、いつも彼のことを考えている。
わたしたちは相容れないものなのに……』
『わたしは、あの悪魔に……なにを望んでいるのだろう。
彼にとって、なにになりたいのだろう』



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春料理歌の憤懣～それはちょっと、置いといて

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Illustrator afterword and the next volume preview:



たぶん 初葉の
しぐさ。

あとがき。

野村さんと ご一緒したシリーズも
なんと3作品となりました。
どうぞ よろしく おつきあい下さい!!





「九月公演の演目は『マイ・フェア・レディ』でいくわ。
イライザが綾音、ヒギンズ教授は原田くんよ」

エロとグロをてんこ盛りにするいち子が、まさかの王道ロマンسコメディを選択!?
だが、ヒギンズ役の詩也には思わぬ障害が――。

「早口の長台詞って、上手い役者がやるとテンポよくて爽快だけど、はずすと、
気の毒で聞いてらんないんだよね」

「綾音が上手な分、詩也くんの技量不足が目立っちゃうなー。こんな役を二作目でやらせるなんて、
いち子女史、鬼だね」

「本番までに紳士になんない! 食事はナイフとフォークを使って、
毎朝マナーの本を早口で読みなさい!」

難題に苦戦する詩也に、さらにトラブルが降りかかる。

それは――アイドル集団「チーム・ベガ」の新人とのスキヤンダル!?

一方、詩也は赤い目の吸血鬼、雫が流した涙のことも気になっていて……。

COMING SOON!

吸血鬼になったキミは 永遠の愛をはじめる

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著 野村美月 イラスト 竹岡美穂

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- [Kyuuketsuki ni Natta Kimi wa Eien no Ai wo Hajimeru](#)
- [light novel translation](#)
- [Miho Takeoka](#)
- [Mizuki Nomura](#)
- [Nomura Mizuki](#)
- [Takeoka Miho](#)

Foreword – This Is a Record of–

This is a record of our father and mother's short-lived love.—

Mina-Alice Harada

Prologue – The Night You Stopped Being a Human

Harada Utaya became “something” that’s not a human being on a night in the middle of May of his first year in high school.

At that time Utaya was sprawled out in a pitch black back alley, pressing on his flank that has been stabbed just a few minutes ago.

While he was surprised by the sensation of a warm liquid that continued to gush forth, he was thinking back about what the heck has happened to his own body.

After school, when the training of the basketball club had finished, the nominees for the Inter-High competition were announced and among them a sole first year’s name – Utaya’s name was called.

You have idiotically loud voice, you’re noisy and your competitive spirit is strong, so you’ll be the cheerleader of sorts. Depending on the flow, in the second half your turn might just come. Be steady, but just don’t pick a fight with the opponents on the court– told him the coach. Feeling happy and his feet, almost afloat, carried him to a back street with no sign of life.

And then somebody bumped into him from behind.

As though a boiling kettle was pressed against his left flank, it became immediately hot. A suspicious person, face hidden deeply in a parka’s hood and grasping a kitchen knife in hand, backed away two, three steps before turning their back and running into the darkness. Such a state of affairs reflected at the edge of his eyes that were growing hazy.

(Huh? I.....was I stabbed? Right, a poster warning or danger read that a phantom killer is out around these parts.Shit, I have to call an ambulance..... Phone, where is it..... I dropped it when I fell over. Eh? My fingers won’t move..... Hey, hey.)

He tried to close his open hand, but he totally couldn’t muster any strength.

As if his body was freezing from the inside, the shivers became worse and he started to worry if this isn’t actually seriously bad.

Give me a break! Tomorrow's the match!

At the Ryokuou High School prestigious for its basketball, the fact that a first year would be at the bench was an incident serious enough to throw up. Training in the early morning and training during the lunch break, and then when the after school club activities ended he would do the independent training.

Even though his powerful voice and competitive spirit had a use value only as a cheering member, it was not impossible that he would be able participate in the match.

(No, it's all right! The pain somehow faded away. It can't be a serious wound!)

With confidence he warned himself to only think about tomorrow.

The first round opponent Tachibana HS is an attack type team so the scramble for points will be super interesting. Next is the Nishikino HS with the famous center Nangou, if he threw the ball in the ring from above his 2 meters height it would be superb. The third opponent will surely be the last year runner-up Isshiki HS, their captain's, Honma's dribble is almost like the ball fits perfectly in his hand, during middle school I couldn't stop him but this time for sure— And the finals will be against the Hourin HS and their number one player Kaizaki!

I was warned a lot by the coach and the seniors that I shouldn't pick up a fight with opponents stronger than me like an idiot, but I'm sure if I stood on the court I would forget all about that and charge straight in. It has always been like that.

All sensations except the coldness disappeared and at the back of his eyes the figures of the opponents he picked a fight with up until now streamed like a revolving lantern and it went upstream to his elementary school days when he just started basketball.

In the house of an older girl who's a relative, he spend one whole week reading all 31 volumes of a famous basketball manga "SLAM DUNK" and was deeply moved, then with "I also want to become a basketball-man!" he enrolled in the regional mini-basket team.

The complete edition of "SLAM DUNK" that he bought with his New Year's money is still lined up on the bookshelf in his room. He doesn't remember how

many tens of times he reread it. A famous line that would exceed the Coach Anzai's "Give up and it's the end of the match" has not yet appeared in Utaya's insufficient sixteen year long lifetime.

(I wanna go to the finals! I wanna play against Kaizaki once more! He's to~tally super! I can hardly believe that we're the same age. I heard he's gonna do basket abroad in America, so before he leaves I absolutely have to play a revenge match against him! That's right, I won't give up.)

At his final moments as a white blur was spreading inside his head he saw a mental image of the time when he was an infant and at his home's living room he tried to ride on a vinyl ball and despite hitting his forehead on the floor he continued to laugh without crying.

That moment.

"Do you want to live....."

He heard a chilly voice.

He opened his eyes in a thin line as though he was scowling and saw that a girl in a uniform he's never seen before was standing there alone in a silver string-like thin rain that was falling in the indigo blue darkness.

Her silver-colored, like it had absorbed the moonshine, hair was shining as it wrapped her slender body, and with her red eyes she was looking down on Utaya.

Red, crimson, scarlet eyes—. Although he was awake, those eyes were mysteriously alluring.

(.....What an incredibly pretty red.)

It was probably due to the haze that his chest tightened because he felt like he saw such alluring red eyes before.

About the same age as Utaya—- with conspicuous looks and posture, she was such a beautiful girl. And she was a unusual girl. Although at her feet a collapsed boy in a uniform was shedding blood, she didn't even scream, much less showed a gait of concern. Just knitting her fine eyebrows in displeasure, she continued to look down in indifference with her beautiful red eyes.

“.....Such a smooth face that didn’t grow a beard yet.....I don’t like it. Hair too soft and weak, body only grown in height and too slim, it is still not robust enough. Also doesn’t have enough leg hair, arm hair and underarm hair, indeed. I planned to let you live as a human for at least another twelve years,” with displeasure she muttered so in a voice lacking in intonation.

“.....But it can’t be helped, because you’re a big dunce that allowed himself to be so easily stabbed in the vitals when you were merrily walking around. You don’t resemble XX and you’re not even a bearded sturdy man to my liking, and although it’s twelve years ahead of schedule..... I’ll ask you a very important question now. If you answer correctly, I shall present you with an eternal life.”

The silver rain continued to fall directly on the girl’s silver hair.

A freezing and ice-like transparent voice slowly drifted into the silence that felt like being on the end of the world.

“You— What would you adorn with.....this hair of mine?”

Even though it was quiet, his consciousness was hazy so he didn’t hear it well. The thin rain kept away from the girl’s well-featured white face and the alluring red eyes – those somehow nostalgic red eyes, those red eyes he had seen before. The chilly rain fell on the cheeks, neck and arms of Utaya who was lying on the asphalt. His quirky and light hair soaked up rain, becoming heavy and cold.

His vision hazy white, it was like a white-out in a manga—. Aah, that famous scene was also like this. Just the two of them in a pure white world.....

“Coach Anzai.....”

He spoke out the wish that came to mind as it was.

“I want to play basketball.”

Chapter 1 – The Senior’s Invitation

After the gloomy rainy season ended, a refreshing wind that welcomed the summer was blowing at the cafe terrasse on the academy grounds. From the old church built at the frontage could be heard pure singing voices.

Ave maris stella,
Dei mater alma,
Atque semper virgo,
Felix caeli porta

*Hail, O Star of the ocean,
God’s own Mother blest,
ever sinless Virgin,
gate of heavenly rest.*

(I didn’t expect that the destination of my transfer is a mission school.)

Lunch break.

Eating the lunch with classmates at a round white table with curved cat legs, Utaya was feeling restless and he glared at the church entwined in ivy.

Kaisei Academy was a co-ed combined junior and senior high school that was a 15 minutes walk from the sea.

Last week, Utaya transferred to the senior high division. And that was thanks to the chairman being his mother’s acquaintance, so his admission was warmly welcomed, although it was in June of his first year in high school at the so-called half-baked stage.

Until just five years ago the daughters of respectable families attended the girls’ school that has now established coeducation and liberal school traditions, or so he was told. The school building was newly expanded and all kind of equipment was improved just to increase the number of students in this age of declining birth rates, he heard, but he didn’t think that once a week there’d be

an assembly in the church and he would be made to sing hymns.

Seems like the hymn that can be heard from the church is the choir club practicing.

“Maris Stella”, meaning “star of the ocean”, is a pure star, that’s actually a Virgin Mary, that guided the sailors. It also is the origin of the school name “Kaisei (Ocean Star) Academy”.

His classmate Nitadori Iku who told him both useful and useless school trivia in such detail, pushed up the big glasses that were slipping off his nose and started talking to him in a carefree tone.

“Did you choose a club yet? Harada-kun? Because at our academy you have to join some club within one month of enrollment.”

“No, I didn’t have time for that yet.”

Even when he tried to distract himself, the clear singing voices entered his ears and his stomach was feeling itchy. It also couldn’t be helped that he was bothered by the smell of garlic coming from the peperoncino spaghetti that Nitadori was eating.

There’s not such an amount of garlic in the spaghetti that under usual circumstances would smell. But, in this one month Utaya’s sense of smell became several times sharper than before and he became unable to accept food with intense smell. He didn’t even eat curry – his favorite food.

“That’s so? You’ll be able to observe, so you can choose slowly. At your previous school, were you in a sports club? Cause you’re tall, Harada-kun.”

That said, he heard that Nitadori belongs to the PC club on his first day of transfer. Nitadori with his small built and amiable round face was just like he looked, sociable and kind, however full of curiosity he asked this and that which troubled Utaya.

One more person at the table was Hario Masayoshi who, with unsociable face, was eating small brown rice rice-ball in silence as if chewing on it grain by grain. In addition he only had one boiled egg plus boiled vegetables in a small tupperware. Yesterday it was only brown rice rice-ball and one apple.

“Hari’s boxing club is in the middle of a diet,” Nitadori had told him.

The two were hanging out together since being in the junior high division. At that time, Nitadori was an overweight child, but since he begun to spend time together with Hario who mutely glared at him every time he tried to eat snacks or meat buns, his appetite decreased and owing to that his figure got on a standard level, so he’s thankful to Hario.

In contrast with Nitadori’s round face, both Hario’s figure and face are slender and sharp. The arms that were extending from the short sleeved shirt of the summer uniform looked strong and solid although being slim. He was taciturn and it was rare in itself for him to speak.

While thinking that Nitadori and Hario, when you balance them out would have just right amount of conversation, he answered “Nah, no sports club.....it’ll be tiring,” while being careful that his feelings won’t appear on his face.

“That’s such a waste when with your height and good physique you look like you could do sports! Or so I say, but our school is ex-girls’ school, so all boys’ sport clubs are weak. It’s only the wrestling club that is just narrowly maintaining reputation, but on the other hand the culture clubs are strong. Ah, how about the tea ceremony club? You’ll be feed with Japanese confectionery and it’s full of girls, it’s famous for having a high ratio of beauties.”

“No, full of girls is.....give me a break with that.”

If possible, I don’t want to get close with girls. To the extent that I would be good with boys’ school if it could be done.....

“You dislike girls? Even though you look like you’d be popular, Harada-kun.”

“Eeeh, that can’t be!”

“I wonder. A tall and refreshing handsome guy, and yet somewhere having a trace of shadow, it’s like mysterious or rather, you have the feel of an ‘enigmatic transfer student’.”

“This is the first time I’ve been called handsome. Moreover, an enigmatic transfer student that’s.....”

His face suddenly became hot. He was sure that he was trying not to stand out.

He practically didn't say anything about himself or the reason for his transfer. *But, "having a trace of shadow", was I **that** gloomy? Me?*

Feeling down a bit he said, "Uhm, you see..... I'm shy. Especially the girls are dangerous – in dangerous I mean that I'm not good at talking with them – that is, I'm nervous around them because I was sports-oriented and only hanged out with boys."

(Just who is shy!)

He retorted himself inside his mind.

That's when all of a sudden he heard a loud voice.

"As I thought! It's Harada Utaya!! Why are you wearing our uniform?!"

His name being called, he turned his head.

A boy making a scary face came rushing in between the tables and in a momentum kicked down a chair.

(Kaji-san!)

Utaya was much more surprised.

(Why is this person at Kaisei that's anonymous at basketball!)

In his junior high period, that upperclassman was a famous guard on the rival team, and now with his big hands that threw accurate passes he grabbed Utaya's shoulder, brought his strong-willed face closer and raised his voice even more.

"What's a Ryokuou's starting player doing at our school! I mean, last month's district qualifier! You very absolutely cool! Your shoots, dribbles, rebounds, you were at such a level, like under a divine possession, that I got chills. You were su~per standing out, here I was thinking all thrilled what's goin' to happen in the finals against Hourin's Kaizaki, but then you didn't appear in the finals—"

"Kaji-san.....I..."

Who'd have thought that he would meet someone involved in the basketball here at the transfer destination! Furthermore, it was someone who saw Utaya's

playing at the qualifier—.

His body stiff, he averted his eyes. He was thinking how he should explain it, and sweat was oozing of his palms, when the first bell rang.

“Heeeey! Kaji! We’re moving classes next!”

When he was being called by his companion, Kaji clicked his tongue. Likely not wanting to leave, he released Utaya’s shoulder and asked: “Harada, which class are you in?”

“I’m.....in class one.”

“Okay, after school I’ll come to pick you up. We’re saved now that you came to our school. I can play basketball together with you!”

“Kaji, I’m going ahead.”

“I’m coming now! See you, Harada. Sit and wait for me, don’t leave, you hear!”

He glared at Utaya with stubborn eyes to emphasize his words and left in a hurry.

“So you were in a basketball club, Harada-kun. The person just now was a second year, no? That was such a passionate approach, right? Harada-kun, could it be that you were a big name in the basketball?”

From behind Nitadori inquired that with immense curiosity while they were lining up at the tableware return queue.

Frantically trying to suppress the discordant feelings, Utaya answered.

“It’s not that big of a deal..... Besides, I quit basketball.”

“Why?”

Nitadori was pressing for an answer, but Hario pushed Nitadori’s head from behind.

“Nita, restrain yourself.”

He whispered in a low voice. Immediately, Nitadori showed a bitter smile and apologized.

“I’m sorry. My curiosity got ahead of me, it’s my bad habit to bluntly ask

everything. When you don't want to answer, just tell me frankly 'you're noisy' or 'shut up'."

"Errr—, that'll be great help!"

When he ended up shouting that, as he was seriously troubled because being cross-examined would be bad, he was laughed at.

"Ahaha, you're so honest, Harada-kun."

He felt the strength leaving his shoulders. He was also surprised about Hario's nonchalant concern, whom he thought was indifferent towards others.

"Thank you," he said and Hario nodded a little, his face still looking unsociable.

He thought that it was certainly fortunate that the first people he got close with in the class were those two. As he was thinking about such things, he returned to the classroom with Nitadori who continued to talk and Hario who with unchanging expression silently walked.

His face that loosened up, stiffened again when he remembered Kaji's words.

(After school, what should I do.....?)

Kaji didn't doubt in the least that Utaya would join the basketball club.

—I can play basketball together with you!

When he was told that, that hard-faced Kaji's mouth edges loosened up and he looked delighted.

(Kaji-san. I'm different from how I was before. I can't play things like basketball with everyone.)

Meeting with an old acquaintance made him recall the reason why he had to transfer to Kaisei, and he felt his throat tightening.



After school.

When he was slowly stuffing the textbooks into his bag, finding it impossible for himself to stand Kaji up, Kaji instantly appeared. He seemingly ran here, because he was breathless.

“All right! Let’s go to the gymnasium! Ah no, before that, let’s stop at the staff room to hand in the club registration form!”

Piling his words in a surging waves, Kaji grabbed Utaya by arm and pulled him to the corridor, but at the corner Utaya stopped him and bowed his head to him.

“I am sorry, Kaji-san. I cannot join the basketball club.”

“Wha-? If you don’t join the basketball club, where will you play basketball?”

Seeming puzzled, Kaji frowned.

“.....I quit basketball,” he said while restraining himself so much that breathing became difficult, just so that his feelings wouldn’t overflow, so that his voice and expression wouldn’t become gloomy and stiff.

“Why!”

Kaji raised his eyebrows and his spit came flying.

“You’re a youth that loves basketball, right! Playing from morning till evening with the basketball ball makes you HAPPY, and until death you’d carry the ball foolishly laughing, you’re that sort of basketball freak, right! There’s no way that you, who had such an obsession with the victory or defeat that you were given a stupid nickname like “The Court’s Brawler”, would quit basketball! If you’re joking, say a better one—”

“.....In the middle of the qualifier I wrecked my knee. And I was told by the doctor that it’s impossible for me to play basketball anymore. Because of that a lot happened and I changed schools.”

Kaji’s expression became stiff.

Utaya didn’t appear in the finals of the inter-high district qualifier that opened in the middle of the May.

Ryokuou HS suffered a defeat by a large margin by Hourin HS which possessed the high school number one player Kaizaki; afterwards Utaya was absent from school for a short while— and then just like that he transferred schools.

Kaji was looking at Utaya with his mouth tightly closed. Behind the strong-willed eyes surfaced pain, anguish, anger, sadness and other feelings, and before long he painfully exhaled.

“I see.....Sorry, I made you say some bitter things.”

But rather than Utaya, Kaji looked more bitter.

“Not at all.”

When Utaya answered awkwardly, he frowned even more, bit on his molars and grabbed Utaya’s shoulder with his right hand.

“But, if you’d like, come to observe us. When I enrolled last year I gathered members and started up the club. Though, we’re just a puny weak club with only five people. Of course, I won’t force you. But if– if you feel like it...,” he said.

“I’ll give you advice also about things other than basketball, so come anytime,” he then added and left.

For an instant his chest quivered and he shouted “THANK YOU!” with all his voice just like during a match. And the other party seemed to be also overcome with emotion and looked back, then after again closing his mouth tightly,

“Harada– Your voice is noisy even outside of the court, huh,” came a slightly bitter murmuring, then soon again he turned around and this time he walked away without looking back.

(Kaji-san..... The air around him changed from that time in middle school..... Even though before, he left an impression as being uptight and he took me for a dislike-able underclassman.)

Only once had Utaya a personal conversation with Kaji when he met him accidentally near the middle school. About the future course and various things. Thinking back about that time, Utaya walked out taking sluggish steps.

.....It was a big fat lie that he injured his knee.

He also didn’t go to the doctor. There’s no way he’d go.

He bowed to his parents and supplicated that he wishes to transfer schools.

Since the cold rainy night one month ago, many times over he put a cutter to his wrist confirming and becoming astonished, confirming again and becoming

despaired, he became overwhelmed and reached his limit.

His parents were both employed as researchers and were out often since Utaya's childhood. So as not to worry his parents, Utaya aimed to being able to first think things through himself and then accomplish them alone.

And such a non-troublesome son for the first time made a wish and bowed his head.

Furthermore, he said he wants to quit the basketball he was so enthusiastic about.

It seemed that the research-freak parents sensed something to some extent. Without investigating which hospital he went to and so forth, they immediately took the procedures to have him transfer to a school where his mother's acquaintance works as a board chairman.

After he parted from Kaji, he hung his bag over the shoulder and was advancing through the long corridor with a sluggish pace.

(That's right, I decided.....to forget all about basketball.)

When he got out to the passage, the wind rocked his quirky bangs and the light overflowing in the courtyard shone on him. He squinted, stepped forth towards a green lawn and the down-pouring light increased in strength.

Even though he bathed in the sunshine like that, his body wouldn't burn hideously and become reduced to ash. And also wouldn't seethe and dissolve.

And yet, he felt the sunlight was more intensive than before he "became like this" and he couldn't calm down.

He wondered if it was alright to stand under such a bright light. He thought if he wouldn't be exposed, revealed and brought to ruin. A baseless fear welled up and a shiver ran down his spine.

It was the same sensation as when he walked in on the church for the first time and looked up at the statue of Virgin Mary embracing the executed Christ or heard the hymn.

Despite that he expressly came down to the dazzling courtyard with the church wondering if it's alright for him to go there, probably wanting to convince

himself that his existence is not being rejected from the daytime world.

(Though I can't play basketball anymore, I didn't change in the least. It's just that my nose works better, ears hear better and I can see further away.)

He's become weak in eating meals with stronger smell and he can't eat gyoza or curry anymore but that's not a big deal. He persuaded himself that he was the same as before.

But when he looked up at the church illuminated by the clear sunlight, he felt all the pores on his body opening and his stomach shrinking—.

(As I expected, I guess I did change.)

It happened when his heart hurt like it was being gouged out.

A cherry blossom-colored balloon fell down from the sky.

(Eh?)

The balloon of a lovely cherry blossom-like hue that danced down for a moment looked like a basketball ball to him.

He reached out both hands to catch the balloon that fell down while lightly floating.

It's softer and warmer than a basketball ball! Why did a balloon?

While he was bewildered, this time a rapeseed blossoms-like yellow balloon, next a field violets-like lavender balloon, furthermore a new grass-like green balloon one by one rode on the early summer refreshing wind and came flowing down.

The window on the third floor was left open and the spring-colored balloons spilled out from there.

At the balcony appeared a female student dressed in the academy's uniform.

She hanged out over the handrail so far that she was about to fall and chased after the balloons whereabouts with her big eyes.

Utaya was startled.

Because that female student was crying.

From the dark and gentle-looking eyes fell a single tear similar to morning dew. The peaceful and pure tear-stained face resembled the church statue of Virgin Mary grieving about Christ's death—.

A girl beautiful like a Virgin Mary.

Was crying.

The eyes of Utaya who was looking up with his mouth open and eyes of the girl who was looking down met.

That very moment, her skirt was blown in the wind and its hem lifted up by chance.

“Waahhhh!”

Utaya's loud voice resounded in the rear-side of the church.

The falling balloons flew high at the same time as the skirt's cloth.

The girl screamed out “eek!” and held down her skirt with both hands.

Utaya turned his face away in panic and called repeatedly: “Didn't see! I didn't see!! I wasn't looking!”

From above, her embarrassed lovely voice came down saying “I-I am sorry.”

“No, it's me who should apologize— Oh, but I didn't see!”

“I will come to you right away, so. Well, the balloons, could you maybe—”

The girl seemed to be flustered because she was speaking fastly and in broken sentences—in spite of that the voice that entered his ears was pleasant and easy to catch. Moreover, it sounded really charmingly sweet and cute.

“Ro-Roger!”

He also shouted back, and holding the cherry blossom balloon under his right arm he caught the rapeseed blossom and violet balloon with the left hand. Meanwhile, another balloon fell on the lawn. When he bent down to pick it up, this time the balloons he held in hands spilled and fell.

While he was doing that, the girl ran there carrying a semi-transparent garbage bag.

“Excuse me, excuse me, excuse me. While I was lost in thought they flew out of the window.”

Bending in the waist and bowing many times over, she gathered the balloons with Utaya and put them in the bag.

Even when hearing it from close, the girl’s voice was sweet and clear.

As he looked next to him, her big chest that faced the ground shook and he could catch glimpses of her cleavage from the blouse’s seams, and each moment she squatted her skirt turned up and her voluptuous thighs became visible almost to the top, it was making him dizzy.

(This person, her chest’s big.....Besides, she’s absurdly cute.....)

Averting then returning back his gaze, his face becoming hot, casting his eyes down and shaking his head, whilst he was doing that they finally picked up all the balloons.

“That’s all of them?”

“Yes, so it seems.”

They each took a breath and for the first time honestly confronted each other.

Looking again, her features really resembled the Virgin Mary from the church’s pieta statue. She seemed graceful and gentle.

Semi-long gently soft black hair covered her shoulders and her lips were a neat pink color.

On the other hand, she had a chest so big it was threatening to tear the blouse, her moderately plump thighs had sex appeal that went beyond that of a high school student, and for the amount that her features were pure they had even more destructive force.

Her black eyes were becoming slightly red around the edges but he recalled that she was crying until a while before, and (Why was a girl this beautiful crying, I wonder.) he thought and his heart tightened.

Thereupon, the girl suddenly retreated from Utaya in panic. Seems like they got too close to each other before they noticed it.

(She really didn't have to distance herself so blatantly.....)

He was feeling a wee bit hurt, when:

"Ah, that is not it. I, I thought that you don't like me standing next to you.....I am sorry," she said and started to apologize again with her face red. She shrunk down her body and faced down. Utaya not understanding her reason asked in return.

"Huh? Why?"

"Because, my height is....."

The girl shrunk her body more and more.

"Height.....? It's normal, no?"

"Ehh!"

As if surprised, she threw her face up. Round-eyed, she looked up at Utaya—and then like that, her eyes became even more wide open.

"!"

Somehow, she looked like she received a tremendous shock.

On the other hand, that very moment, Utaya also realized for the first time that the girl's face was positioned almost directly in front of his own face.

Utaya is tall. Most girls have their face considerably below Utaya's point of view.

And yet, her face's position is close to Utaya!

The girl suddenly gulped as she was fixedly staring at Utaya and inquired in a low voice: "Y-Your height, how many centimeters is it?"

"It's one hundred and eighty-five, but....."

When he nervously answered back, her shoulders subtly trembled and she turned her eyes towards Utaya's scalp then slowly shifted down to his forehead, eyes, nose, lips, chin, nape of the neck, collarbone and furthermore down to his

chest and waist— she rapidly continued downward.

Blushing, after looking down to the tips of his toes with an earnest gaze she returned her eyes higher and higher again; moreover, still holding the bag with the balloons she softly approached Utaya and lined up next to him, checked the position and distance of their shoulders, then her shoulders trembled again and she stared in wonder; this time she went around to his back and checked the view from there; then she herself turned her back to Utaya and from there turned her head and looked back; then lining up next to him again she raised her head and stared up; then going back to the front and standing on her tiptoes she looked at him from a distance shorter than before.....

“Say! What are you trying to do since a while before!”

At a distance where they’re likely to kiss, Utaya shouted in fluster.

A sweet smell like spring flowers in full bloom tickled him in the nostrils and he almost had his knees give way. *Just what the heck is this big-breasted beautiful girl doing!*

Thanks to Utaya’s loud voice she seemed to come to her senses and backed off, she tightly grasped the bag of balloons in front her chest and her voice became high-pitched and unstrung.

“I-I am sorry. You are..... too much ideal, that I just...”

“What do you mean by ideal?”

To Utaya who was startled again she answered with a red face and wet eyes.

“Your.....height is.”

“Huh? Height?”

Does she like tall men? A height fetish?

“I, I am—very serious. Ah, I am from second-year class-three and my name is Harushina Ayane. I am not a suspicious person.”

(This person is an upperclassman!? One year senior from me?)

“F-First-year class-one, Harada Utaya—”

Because of his ex-sports-oriented nature he unconsciously answered politely.

Just as he did—.

Ayane's lips began to blossom and a warm spring air-like smile filled the face resembling the Virgin Mary.

Seeing that pure smile, his breath stuck.

"Harada-kun," she whispered with importance in a smooth cute voice.

"Y-Yes!"

Still holding the bag of balloons Ayane tightly grasped the right hand of Utaya who stood at attention.

Her hand's tenderness made him dizzy again.

She was crying until a moment ago, but now she's smiling so happily!

"Please, go out with me."

One second, two seconds, three seconds..... No, nearly for five seconds Utaya's consciousness flew off.

I was confessed to by a pretty senior! Moreover just thirty minutes after we met!

It would be weird if he wasn't confused.

"Excuse me! Th-This is so sudden that I'm not sure what should I say."

I should refuse her right now! I don't have a body suitable for dating a girl!

But even so, he couldn't think of a good way to refuse and when he stuttered his answer Ayane apologetically said:

"Is-Is that so. I was too sudden, I guess. Well! Then, could you at least hear me out! I also want to introduce you to everyone."

"In-Introduce—?"



To hear her out—that's fine. But, abruptly introducing me to her friends!?
We're not even dating!

“We even have tea and sweets, so just for a moment. If it’s Harada-kun, Ichiko-san will completely agree, so...”

(Who’s this Ichiko-san? I mean, even if that Ichiko-san agrees, I can’t get a girlfriend—)

Ayane grasped tightly the bag of balloons in her left hand and with her right hand squeezed Utaya’s left hand.

“Come, Harada-kun.”

Under the light blue sky,
at the back of the church blurred by light,
brighter than sky, purer than a hymn, the beautiful senior was smiling.

Inviting him in a sweet cute voice.

Because of that, unconditionally, he followed her without knowing what he’s doing.

And he did that, while gazing at the shaking of both the bag of spring-colored balloons and her soft breasts.



Hanging at the entrance of the innermost room in the school building’s basement was a plate with “*Drama Club — Team Regulus*” written on it.

What drama club? What team?

“Ichiko-san! Look, look!”

Ayane shouted right after she opened the door.

“He’s taller than me by ten centimeters! It’s perfect, right! He’s called Harada Utaya-kun. A first year!”

Inside was filled with girls wearing T-shirts and jersey pants surrounded by grey concrete walls. The girls looked at Utaya all at once.

Furthermore from among them the only girl wearing a uniform sluggishly walked up to them.

With long hair casually tied up at one side of her neck she was a slender beauty but her complexion was absolutely horrible. Rather than being fair-skinned she

was turning pale. Her uniform blouse had two undone buttons and its hem was over the skirt. That it wasn't done intentionally in a worn-out fashion but because it was troublesome, Utaya could guess because of her smell that seemed like she didn't bathe for several days. By no means is it an unpleasant smell, because when he himself skipped out on showering during summertime he smelled like a beast or something-and so he was familiar with such smell, but when it comes to girls it's too "wild" and as expected he was bothered by it. Other people than Utaya probably wouldn't know that if they didn't bring their face close to her skin to sniff it directly, such a weak smell it was.

The girl with a beast-like smell reviewed Utaya with a brusque gaze and in an intense voice she-

"Your full name?" "First-year what class?" "Your attendance number?" "Number 35? Why do you have such late number with the name Harada? Ah, I see, you're a transfer student. When did you transfer? From where? Why at this time. Hmm, your parents' job circumstances? Oh well, let's leave it at that."

-showered him with one-sided questions.

"In short, you were tempted by Ayane's allure and nonchalantly arrived here, which means you're a lewd bastard. First-year class-one attendance number thirty-five, Harada Utaya-kun," she declared.

"Wh-Why a lewd bastard--"

What's with this person!

Next to Utaya who choked his voice, Ayane with bright red face protested.

"Oh my, Ichiko-san, you didn't have to say it like that."

But Ichiko ignored her and grabbed Utaya's shirt with both hands and pulled it up along with the T-shirt he wore underneath.

"Aaarghhh, what are doing, so suddenly!"

He let out a big voice without restraint.

His voice hit the concrete walls and echoed.

"Ichiko-san!"

Ayane pulled away Ichiko who was ruffling Utaya's quirky hair from him.

"Oh gosh, Ichiko-san, you shouldn't do that all of a sudden. Harada-kun isn't used to Ichiko-san, so what would you do if he became frightened and left. I am sorry, Harada-kun. Ichiko-san is a little weird. It's like the paper-thin difference between a genius and a weirdo. She lives by her instincts. She doesn't have any malice. And she also doesn't have a hobby of undressing the first-year boys, because her grip strength is below twenty and her time in five meters race is at the ten seconds range, she's a weakling so she can't attack anyone, you see!"

The weakling Ichiko while having her arm pulled by Ayane-

"Well, your height certainly matches with Ayane, your body's also solidly trained, and your hair type's smooth and fluffy with diluted coloring, also your face's the refreshing sort that girls would like, plus it's not like you doesn't look fearless enough to face someone's eyes and flap your mouth, so why not,"

-said nonchalantly and sluggishly unwrapped Ayane's arm, then again stepped up to Utaya.

Ichiko had the standard height of girls that's about 158 centimeters.

But, the gaze that looked up at Utaya from below conversely had the force of being looked down on. With those eyes she fixedly stared at Utaya who was dumbfounded, his hair still disheveled and clothes disarranged, and coolly loosened her lips.

"You pass. At the public performance in July, I'll have you act as Ayane's lover, Harada-kun."

Chapter 2 – Your “Height” Is Needed

–Do you want to live.....

In the incessant silver thread-like rain, the red-eyed girl haughtily questioned Utaya.

Saying, if you answer correctly, I shall present you with an eternal life.

The red, crimson, scarlet eyes that looked down on Utaya were colder than rain.

Emotion unreadable in them, mysteriously alluring—and feeling a hint of nostalgia from them, they were such red eyes—.

The girl held up her thin, ready to snap wrist over Utaya’s head.

Fresh blood trickled down it—.

And dyed Utaya’s lips—.

–Eternal life for you.....

(Stop!)

He tried to shout, but no sound came out.

(Please, stop! I don’t want something like eternal life!)

However, the fresh blood overflowed from the girl’s wrist, fell in the rain while shining like a ruby and together with a sweet smell continued to wet Utaya’s lips.

The girl — Shizuku, was carefully looking at that happening.

With alluring red, crimson, scarlet eyes—.



(Urgh, I saw a bad dream.)

He groaned right after he woke up.

Excited Nitadori was waiting for Utaya who came to school with bitter feelings.

“Harada-kun!! I heard that you were selected as A-ya’s opposing role! Of the *Saint* of the drama club!”

He shouted with bloodshot eyes as he drew closer to Utaya who tried to reach the last seat at the window side.

“Drama club’s *Saint*? Ah, by A-ya, you meant Ayane-san!”

When Utaya said that, the classroom became noisy.

“He said *Ayane-san*! He called A-ya, *Ayane-san*!”

“What’s with that intimate way of calling! Is it normal to suddenly use “-san” when calling a senior!”

“Ayane-sempai is also calling Harada-kun by “Utaya-kun”, right! Is it true that they’re also dating in private?”

(Wh, what the! Why’s everyone looking here and talking about me!?)

The female student with fluffy hair and doll-like orderly features who sat in the front row at the corridor side was also glaring at Utaya with big eyes with eyelashes closely packed together. Her small lips started to look sour and were full of animosity. *I don’t remember being ever glared at with such a dreadful face!*

Moreover, before he knew, the corridor also became crowded.

“Hey, which one’s the mysterious transfer student!”

“Seems that it’s the one at the window side with his head sticking out! The one with the kinky hair.”

“So he’s the mysterious transfer student!”

He heard them whispering so, and so forth.

“He’s su~per tall. His face’s cool, too.”

“What the, it’s because he has such height, so it’s just for appearances.”

“He’s to my tastes. Even though his body’s like an adult’s, his ambience’s like a boy’s, so he gives off an innocent feeling, I say, his likability is higher than that of the Queen Nogizaka’s Knights. They’re more the “fragile host” type.”

“I know, right? His amateurishness is refreshing and it makes my heart squeeze. His hair is smooth and fluffy which is cute. He’s like a doggy. I want to stroke him!”

“I don’t approve! What’s with the *mysterious transfer student*? The Saint has no need of a lover. It’s more than good enough for me if A-ya stood alone in the middle of the stage for one and half an hour!”

Straining his ears, his overdeveloped hearing picked up even the weak whispering, and his heartbeat was steadily speeding up.

(Could it be that because I’ll be Ayane-san’s partner they especially came to see me! Or I mean, why did the term *mysterious transfer student* spread even to the other classes!)

His head spinning, he thought back upon yesterday’s incident.

–Please, Harada-kun.

In the underground room surrounded by concrete walls, the beautiful senior who resembled Virgin Mary, put both hands on her knees and courteously bowed her head.

He finally realized that the “*please go out with me*” he was told meant “*I want you to become my partner in a drama play*”, and because of his grand misunderstanding he felt like digging a hole and burying himself in it.

With words “*Something like a play, I’ve only ever done a horse’s feet at a school art festival, so it’s impossible!*” he refused, but he was told by Ayane who made a serious face:

<“In the drama club there isn’t a male member whose height would match mine. I know that my height shouldn’t have shot up, an- and that a huge woman like me is supposed to be a heroine is a miscast, right? But! This is a first time I was given a role with such a big amount of lines. I want to try to do it no matter

what!">

Drooping her shoulder and her eyes clouding over, she told him that if he accepted to costar with her, she would be able stand on the stage.

He couldn't refuse if she's making that face, as it made her tear-stained face that he saw in the courtyard flicker up in his mind.

Moreover, from his side:

<"Then, I don't mind if it's limited to this time's performance. Well, it can't be helped if you say that you're dissatisfied with being Ayane's partner even if we pile up one hundred million in front of you.">

Said the feeble and beast-smelling senior in a way that seemed like he was refusing to perform because he had a problem with Ayane, to which he became impatient and ended up shouting "There's no such a thing!" What's more, he did so with all his might.

The next moment, Ayane's face suddenly sparkled.

<"Thank you! Harada-kun!">

She said and grasped his hands again, and her hands were so, so soft that it made him completely lose all means of backing out.

<"First of all, a couple using "Harada-kun, Harushina-sempai" and such doesn't have a shred of charm and it's boring, so you're to call each other "Utaya-kun, Ayane-san" regularly.">

Next to them, Ichiko had dispassionately ordered and nodded.

(They absolutely gathered because of the drama club, huh. There's no other reason for me to become the center of attention, but my appearance has been decided only yesterday after school. It's too soon...)

Besides, is it something to cause uproar about when it's only a high school drama club's public performance? His previous high school had a drama club as well. However, nor public performance, nor the performers did become a hot topic for anyone.

"No way, he's ducking his head, and his eyes are looking around here and there—. That cuteness despite the biiig body tickles my motherly instincts. He's

really a doggy. A doggy, I say.”

Hearing those words made him flare up to the ears, and when he was falling into labored breathing, Nitadori quietly whispered to him.

“Harada-kun, could it be that you don’t understand the situation?”

When Utaya furiously nodded his head, Nitadori embraced him around the shoulder and made him face the window, then for some reason showed him his smartphone’s screen.

“This is Kaisei Academy’s homepage. The one that is managed not by the school but by the students. Before, I had sent the address to your phone, right?”

“Ah, yeah.”

<“It’s handy as it’s loaded with useful information. This is the place where the academy news are uploaded the fastest.”> He had a feeling he had heard something like that.

He became startled when he looked down on the screen and Ichiko’s face jumped into his view.

Ichiko sat cross-legged on a pipe chair and was talking with a cool expression.

(This’s a video!)

The volume was narrowed down and her voice was small and sounded sluggish, but Utaya’s ears could hear it clearly. Also the captions were streamed at the bottom.

<“At the Team Regulus’ new top’s debut performance, the one to play a part of Ayane’s lover is year one class-one’s attendance number 35, Harada Utaya. Transferring in this month, he’s a mysterious transfer student!”>

“Geh!”

A groan escaped from Utaya’s mouth.

This video was taken yesterday? And then, it was streamed on the academy’s homepage!

<“The Team Regulus’ supreme—or no, the tallest couple in the records of Kaisei Academy’s drama club will act in the sparking ultimate love story, so by all

means, please come to watch it. Their breathing already matches and in private they call each other “Utaya-kun, Ayane-san”. You’ll regret it till death if you miss the debut stage of this lovey-dovey and fresh lead-actor duo. From the stereotyped Queen who’s capable of only putting on the predictable performances—excuse me, I can promise you that you’ll get an unpredictable and fresh excitement that you wouldn’t get from a veteran actress with a settled style of acting.”>

The public performance will be after school on the seventh of July in the great auditorium— dumbfounded Utaya was looking down at Ichiko as she shamelessly spoke of that.



“Kaisei Academy’s drama club with a lot of members is flourishing among the culture clubs, and it’s divided into four teams.”

Break time.

At the furthest seat by the window side Utaya was formally receiving explanation from Nitadori on the Kaisei Academy’s drama club’s position and it’s peculiar form.

The morning disturbance has calmed down once the teacher had arrived, and now there were only students who would peek into the classroom from the corridor, but the other classmates except Nitadori and Hario only surrounded Utaya at a distance. But it’s not like they ostracized him, they were just holding back and looked at him with admiration.

“A-ya’s partner was chosen from our class!”

“The mysterious transfer student, how incredible! And he calls A-ya “Ayane-san”, no? So cool!”

Or so he thought, but the doll-like classmate was still scowling at Utaya. Maybe she’s Ayane-san’s fan? Because that intense gaze filled with rage was no trivial matter.

Nitadori’s speech was continuing.

“In each team, respectively, exist a top girl, and a programme centered on those girls is decided, basically, they’re taking the so-called star system.

“In the staged plays are characteristics of each one team. For example Team Altair does love stories full of romance founded on their top who’s a beautiful woman in a man’s clothing, Deneb does belles-lettres plays founded on their intellectual beauty top who’s all about pursuing the arts, and Vega is the idol-type team full of singing and dancing cute girls in pursuit of entertainment.

“And among these, only Regulus, where Harada-kun will perform in, which is a team that was established the following year after Kaisei had started the coeducation, makes it’s selling point dramatic love stories due to having a man and woman two-top. Although they overlap with Altair, there’s the difference that the other side has luxurious and gorgeous stage based on the cross-dressing beauty while Regulus has purely realistic love scenes between boys and girls.”

On the drama club’s joint homepage, each public performance has a column for viewers comments with grading function attached, or a graph of attendance number and et cetera, and it is said that the four teams compete about the number of contributors, or score, or mobilization number.

The more he had heard the more unbelievable story it was. Even if it’s a mammoth school, how come that just one school would have four drama clubs and each has its own crazy fans.

“Miss Tohrukawa Ichiko is in charge of Regulus’ production and scriptwriting, and since she took command, Regulus’ attendance number, number of contributors of comments and the score got ahead a one whole head, and now Regulus with the shortest history between the four teams is reigning at the top. And because it’s *that* Regulus’ new top’s debut performance, attention was attracted on the question of who’s to become Ayane-sempai’s partner. As I said a while ago, Regulus’ top has to absolutely be a man-woman pair, but before Ayane-sempai hurriedly rose to the top at a performance one month ago, there was a disturbance—”

“What disturbance?”

Utaya was a complete novice at drama. But, for a new top’s important performance that is the debut, that the cast was finally decided one month ago,

isn't that too hurried?

Nitadori lowered his voice.

"Until May, the top of Regulus was another girl, and she was supposed to play the heroine in the performance in July. However, she took along all the male members with her and transferred to another team."

"Huh?"

That very moment, a glamorous voice echoed within the classroom.

"Is Mister Mysterious Transfer Student in, I wonder?"

Commotion spread out like a wave.

"It's Karena-sama!"

"It's the Rose Queen!"

"And also Nogizaka Knights' full force!"

Utaya turned around towards the corridor and walking elegantly through the front entrance appeared a beauty with distinctly chiseled face and gorgeously curled hair ends. Her height was just a tad above the average girl's height, but her waistline was in a high position, and because her body and head were placed high, her legs were slim and long.

Following behind her were four boys, as though they were knights accompanying their queen. They were all host-like hunks.

Nitadori quickly whispered into Utaya's ear.

"She's the Regulus' ex-top, and when someone says the "Enchanting Rose Queen" of the third-years' they talk about Nogizaka Karena-sama. She has a lot of pride so be careful."

Calling a high-schooler with the suffix "-sama"!? Well, she certainly leaves an impression of "Karena-sama". However, what's with the "Enchanting Rose Queen"!

"Even though I'm calling for you, you won't answer? Or are you not present?"

The glamorous voice once again echoed. It was not an angry tone but a gently teasing tone.

“I am Harada!”

Utaya raised his hand in panic and stood up.

Karena turned to Utaya and beautifully smiled, but nor did she say another word, nor did she walk up to him. As if saying that it’s natural for him to come up and greet her.

(Ueh-, what a troublesome senior-)

Inevitably he went to the front of the platform and from there she even more courteously, but only so she wouldn’t lose dignity, smiled sweetly.

“Nice to meet you, Mister Mysterious Transfer Student. I was told that Ayane-san’s partner had been decided, and as it has piqued my interest, I’ve come to take a look at what kind of person you are. It seems that your height matches with Ayane-san.”

“Ahh... Uhm, my name’s not *Mysterious Transfer Student...*” He lowered his voice and murmured.

It wasn’t that he was no good with girls like he made excuses to Nitadori. However, because he was sports-oriented and only hanged out with boys, that he thought that girls’ mood quickly changes and that he doesn’t really understand them was true. Moreover, the person now standing before his eyes was a gorgeous beauty and her smell was stronger and more provocative than Ayane’s. As though she was scattering rose petals – it was a smell he would likely get drunken on if he kept smelling it.

That she was meaningfully closing her eyes each time and staring up at him made Utaya unable to calm down. **If that came out again.....**

“I’m glad that Ayane-san found a cute partner like you, Harada-kun. I will also be coming to watch the public performance, so convey to Ichiko-san that I wish to be shown a beautiful stage with the blood gushing out all around and with regularly heard screams, please.”

“Eh?” Immediately, he displayed a blank expression on his face. “The blood,

gushing out.....?”

“I’m looking forward to a stage with blades clashing together and severed heads flying in the air.”

“Severed heads!”

“And don’t forget the half-naked beauty with blood flowing out from her mouth.”

“!”

Karena tiptoed to stroke the bangs of the bewildered Utaya and after she said satisfied “Oh my, its feel is really like a dog’s fur”, she took along the following boys and magnificently left.

As she was leaving the classroom she glimpsed at that doll-like girl sitting in the front row at the corridor side and laughed through her nose.

The doll-like classmate’s face mortifyingly flared up and filling up her big eyes with animosity she glared back at Karena. Like that, after Karena left the classroom, seemingly discontent she scowled in Utaya’s way, then abruptly looked away.

He felt like he was being criticized for being too pathetic that he had been blown off by Karena’s one-sided talk and had just stood still like an idiot.

(What? As if I’m in the wrong!)

Not feeling fully satisfied he fixed his hair and after he returned to his seat, “Thanks for your hard work-” so saying Nitadori welcomed him with bitter smile and Hario with a sullen face.

“I was relieved it ended without anything happening. Seems like today she came only for a greeting, that Karena-sama.”

“...That gushing blood, or severed heads, or half-nakedness.....what’s with that.”

After he asked that, Nitadori and Hario exchanged glances. Both of them grimaced, seeming like they were hesitant to answer.

“Well, it’s that.....”

Nitadori opened his mouth, because Hario looked away as if to say he leaves it to him.

“Miss Tohrukawa is a talented scriptwriter and director but she has tendency of wanting to incorporate grotesque and eroticism in her works.....”

Grotesque! Moreover eroticism!

“Per one stage there is a bloodshed scene once, no, two, three, four-times, besides that, the eyeballs get pierced or the brain tissue gets thrown out, the gross scenes are.....ah, of course it doesn’t mean that a real brain gets scattered around. That’s because it’s that sort of production.”

That’s obvious! If your brain scattered out, you’d die!

(Well..... Maybe I wouldn’t die.....)

He retorted to himself and was becoming gloomy.

“Karena-sama was also made to hemorrhage from the mouth and collapse, or was made to wave around an arm torn to pieces during a fight, right. Moreover, her costume was like a She-Tarzan as she was wreathed with only a super mini piece of cloth with leopard print.”

Hario silently nodded.

That queen-like “Enchanting Rose Queen” or something was spitting out blood? And in a She-Tarzan appearance!

The moment he imagined it, his gloomy mood was blown away.

“The Regulus’ selling point wasn’t a boy-girl pair’s love story!? Why a Tarzan and a battle with an arm torn to pieces?”

“To make it into a rich love story with the finishing touches and forcibly involve a maelstrom of deep emotions is Miss Tohrukawa’s greatness!”

Nitadori declared and Hario nodded to it again.

(Really?!)

He could only imagine a B grade horror action from what he heard.

“Especially the February’s Valentine performance “Doujouji” was superb. That horror-like one where a princess transformed into a snake and chased after a

handsome monk she has fallen in love with at first sight, then entwined round and round around the temple bell. At that time I was still in the junior high section, so mixing in with the students of senior high section and buying the ticket was hard, however, it was worth trying my best!"

He wondered if it's truly good to perform a horror story about a stalker-like woman on a Valentine. Nitadori had said something like "I've cried at the end," and Hario while looking terribly reluctant also nodded.

".....That was, just mean," he also made a rare comment. In other words, Hario also cried?

"Although Miss Tohrukawa is an oddball, she certainly has talent. The audience attendance number and the after performance impressions proves it. From the start Miss Tohrukawa had been a person who kept on winning composition and critique contests and Karena-sama has won her over to be an exclusive writer for Team Regulus. However, Miss Tohrukawa, let alone writing a script that Karena-sama wished for, on top of that she made her gush out blood from the mouth. Furthermore, before one knew, rather than the audience that sought Karena-sama, audience that sought Miss Tohrukawa's scripts increased and Regulus seemed to have become Miss Tohrukawa's team, so I think that Karena-sama must have been displeased with that."

And then finally, refraining until one month before the July's public performance, she withdrew from Regulus taking along the handsome club members – the followers called Nogizaka Knights, or so it's said.

"Afterwards, Karena-sama transferred to Team Deneb, but as Deneb's selling point is the serious belles-lettres type, it is quite plain. Karena-sama's compatibility with Deneb is not so good, or, how should I put it, she herself knows it and maybe that's why she's aiming to be reinstated in Regulus."

Nitadori earnestly murmured.

Certainly, the eyes of Karena who smiled at Utaya appeared to be filled with intrigue.

"Considering Karena-sama, she's likely to think that if Ayane-sempai's debut performance failed she'd say "Now look at that" while laughing loudly and she'll be able to return back to Regulus."

Hario also seriously nodded.

“But, Ayane-san is also popular enough to not lose to Karena-sama, right.”

When Uta inquired, Nitadori again grew agitated and answered while pushing up his slipping glasses.

“Of course! From the moment she joined the club Ayane-sempai has had an outstanding talent enough to be called a heroine found once in ten years! Just.....That height has become her bottleneck and so far she’s had only minor roles with one, two words. And plus, she’s only even had that sort of variety roles where she had to have shoe polish smeared on her face, or had to be the person inside stuffed animal costumes.”

“Animal costumes! Why such a role! No matter how tall a person is, it doesn’t really matter if there’s no need for a partner in a supporting role.....”

“But it matters! After all, it’s that A-ya! That A-ya who has extreme beauty and holiness and yet has a big chest, and is sexy but also cute – and secondly, she has good academic results, high morals and also has gentle nature – there are rumors that she’s omnipotent in housework. That person who’s as if perfectly sprinkled over with sugar, what do you think would happen if except the heroine, a person like her stood on the stage? The audience’s eyes would chase after A-ya rather than the heroine! There’d be zero persuasiveness if a beauty more beautiful than the beauty who’s supposed to play a peerless beautiful woman stood at the side! It’d be a wreck if the maid rather than Cleopatra was more beautiful and stood out more!”

“Uh, okay.”

While being taken aback, he nodded.

“A-ya can only play the heroine, she’s like a person that exists solely for becoming a heroine. Despite that she couldn’t decently go up on the stage because there wasn’t any tall boy that could line up with A-ya and look good. Officially, A-ya’s height is 172 centimeters but in reality she’s taller. Therefore, being recommended by Miss Tohrukawa she became the Regulus’ top after Karena-sama transferred, but there were concerns about what would happen if she did not find a partner until the crucial performance.”

(So that's why..... It was because of that, that she cared about her height so much.....)

He remembered how she had spoken in an earnest tone the words *That a huge woman like me is supposed to be a heroine is a miscast, right?* which she muttered so sadly, or *This is a first time I was given a role with such a big amount of lines. I want to try to do it no matter what!* Now that he's learned of the drama club's internal situation, Ayane's words and expressions urged on his heart all the more, making him feel responsibility and anxiety.

When he was doing basketball he was called the "Court's Brawler" because of how strong was his competitive spirit, but now, everything he did, he did it nervously, and not to mention that acting was completely outside his area of expertise.

(I wonder if I was good enough.....)

Next to him, Nitadori jealously raised his voice.

"Aagh, if only I was twenty centimeters taller! Even though I'm A-ya's fan-club member number ten."

"There're about ten people other than you in the fan-club, isn't that so," retorted Hario.

"Number one is A-ya!"

Nitadori answered back and with a serious face said to Utaya:

"If it's me, I'm an amicable fan that doesn't wish for more than to see A-ya's shining form on the stage, but A-ya's fan-club one-digit members are the assemble of warriors from the sport clubs, so, be careful Harada-kun."

"B-, be careful you say?"

When he asked back while feeling chills running down his spine, Hario said in a whisper:

"The number one member is our captain, and captain habitually boasts that "I'll make a punching bag of whomever tries to make a move on A-ya.""

Hario is in the boxing club.

(Give me a break!)

At Utaya who was sweating cold sweat, that doll-like girl, “.....”, was glaring again.



During the lunch break peak the sightseers increased once more. He got through it trying not to mind it, but at the end Kaji came with “I’m also a member of A-ya’s fan-club” and showed him his membership card and that made him nearly sink down to the floor.

Then,

“Was I no good? Even I am taller than A-ya by five centimeters. Did I need to have five more centimeters? Couldn’t that be fixed with platform boots? Or is it my face? Is my face no good? Does it not have enough *refreshingness*?”

Kaji muttered his complaints in the same tone as Nitadori, and with,

“I won’t forgive you if you show a shameful sight and ruin A-ya’s debut performance,”

threatened him.

Utaya felt a stronger thirst for blood from him than when they were in middle school and during a match he bumped into him with rough play.

And like that it became after school, after being glared at, or envied at from here and there, or becoming flustered when unknown girls suddenly held out a notebook and pen with “Harada-kun, sign please!”

He was already mentally exhausted and it was more intense than a basketball practice before a match.

He has never gotten tired of playing basketball now matter how much he did it and he even had an exhilarating feeling after practice, but he didn’t even do anything yet and already nothing but a feeling of exhaustion was accumulating in his body.

(.....What am I comparing it with basketball for? I'm an idiot.)

He warned himself with bitter feelings and arrived at the basement club-room.

He re-examined the plate with "Team Regulus" written on it and fired himself up.

"Yo!"

When he raised his voice in sports-oriented style and opened the door, there, in the dusty room surrounded by grey concrete walls, was only Ayane.

For a moment, silence sunk between the two of them and with "Excuse me" Utaya closed the door and almost left. It seems he has read too much into things thinking that Ayane must also find it unpleasant to be alone with a boy in a closed basement room.

However the next moment, on Ayane's face slowly spread a smile that was like a spring's atmosphere which was filling the world.

"Utaya-kun!"

She rushed over to him with a bashful-like gentle expression and looked glad from the bottom of her heart.

(Her hair, it's tied into two!)

Her soft and fluffy shoulder-long black hair, bound left and right with pink gums, spilled down from her slender shoulders and bellow them it was swaying above the two plump mounds.

Furthermore, yesterday she has worn her uniform, but today she wore a T-shirt and trousers from a jersey. The T-shirt was thinner than the uniform's blouse and as it had elasticity it made her breasts' shape and size conspicuous. Unfortunately Utaya noticed that it had deeper neckline than the blouse and it caused mayhem inside him all of a sudden.

(Bad! This is so bad!)

No well, by no means was it a swimsuit or bloomers, it was but an ordinary T-shirt and trousers from a jersey, but when Ayane wore them it was bizarrely erotic.

Her facial features were already pure by nature and her figure had volume all over, but when the bashful expression was added to the mix, the imbalance it created was however emitting almost atrocious eroticism.

The panda print on her T-shirt and her cheeks flushed pink were sexy cute.

And her almond-shaped black eyes with which she delightfully stared up at him, were even more sexy cute.

Her Mary-like kind-looking face, that's in a closer position to him than the face of other girls, was shining, and she had a sweet smell, and so his pulse rate has become odd and inside his head a danger signal was flashing.

"Everyone's not here yet. You're early, Utaya-kun."

"Eh, uh, yea."

Why did he end up undertaking this, Utaya wondered and regretted it. To Utaya, this senior was terribly dangerous!

"I'm glad you've come, Utaya-kun. I was worried that perhaps you wouldn't come, that it would've been better if I went to pick you up."

She whispered in a lovely voice.

Her voice's also dangerous! It was sweet, a bit high and so pleasant that one could melt.

"Did you bring a change of clothes?"

"Ah, yes."

"Well then, could you change your clothes behind that curtain? We're expected to do stretching and vocalization freely. Let's do them together until you get used to it, Utaya-kun."

He moved to the space divided by the curtain while averting his eyes from Ayane, and as his heart pounded he was changing into T-shirt and trousers of a jersey. The danger signal was still flashing.

Ayane was wide-eyed when she saw Utaya after he opened the curtain and came out.

"Utaya-kun, you, look slender in clothing."

“Eh!”

“Like, your chest and back are sturdy. Ah, I don’t mean it like you are fat or something! It’s like your waist is really slender—.....I wonder if it isn’t more slender than mine actually.”

Just at the final sentence she became down-hearted.

Unintentionally, he compared his own waist with Ayane’s. Ayane was not the type that’s extremely thin and possibly she has to concede the waistline condition to Karena. Ayane’s poise was somewhat round. However, that is because Karena’s waist is too tight, so Ayane’s waist is slender more than enough!

“No no, there’s no way that I’m thinner than you!”

There, he unconsciously emphasize his tone of voice.

“I-I wonder. If yes, that’s great. After all, boys hate girls fatter than themselves, right?”

Ayane was fidgety.

“Ayane-san, you are not fat at all. You’re the norm, so.”

“Eh, the norm.”

For some reason, Ayane showed a sadder face than just a moment ago.

It seems like saying she’s the norm was not so good. A woman’s heart is difficult.

Ayane dropped her shoulders and muttering, said “D-.....During the play, there’s a scene where, well.....you’ll have to carry me.”

“Eeh!”

Utaya raised his voice in surprise when Ayane deadly serious bowed her head in apology.

“I’m sorry. Until the actual play I’ll diet and lose some weight. Three kilos, no, five kilos.”

“No, it’s a-okay just like you are now! I’m totally good to go with your current weight, you see!”

Of course, it didn't mean that he knew Ayane's weight.

Ayane was saying in a depressed voice "No, even so I hate to diet. I cannot burden Utaya-kun," dead set on it.

Like that, she lifted her head and smiled courageously.

"It's all right. Leave it to me."

What's all right, and to begin with, it really wasn't necessary for Ayane to diet – to Utaya who was thinking in circles how he should convey to her such a thing, Ayane, who completely switched moods, told him cheerfully with a bright face, "Well then, let's begin with stretching."

Then she grasped tightly Utaya's hands with her own hands.

"!"

The same soft feeling as when his hand was grasped yesterday in the courtyard, wrapped up Utaya's hand.

(Uwaaaaaaaaa, why, are you grasping my hands—)

To flustered Utaya, she said.

"Here, bend your body sideways well. Don't hold back, pull on me more firmly."

Still holding hands with Utaya, she leaned her own body to the side.

Both their bodies became bow-shaped and Utaya's and Ayane's heads seemed to stick together.

(Like, isn't stretching something that's done alone!)

It's like the *Ok, form a two person group!* during the P.E.?

Furthermore, it's become a back-to-back exercise, they'll be lifting each other on their backs.

"Er, well, I'm heavy, so it's impossible."

"It's all right. Your weight can't be that different from mine."

"No no, it is different, you see! I'll crush you, you know!"

"It's okay, believe me! Besides, my weight is actually quite.....er, it's a secret."

While they were quarreling, they were bending to the front, or bending backwards—.

“Utaya-kun, your body is soft, huh—“

She said, this time in a condition where they squatted on the floor and were applying their body weight on their partner, or had it applied on.

Ayane’s upper arms tightly entwined with Utaya’s upper arms, or her small back precisely sticking to his, the tips of her hair tied in pigtails were tickling Utaya’s back, or that clear and sweet smell similar to picked spring flowers that was overwhelming Utaya’s nostrils, all of that was leaving Utaya giddy.

(This is totally dangerous! Was stretching always this erotic? The stretching I’ve done with basketball club’s seniors was way more brutal!)

“Then, next is fifty sit-ups. After that thirty push-ups facing downward and thirty facing upward.”

She said, and just when he thought that Ayane has finally separated from him, she started doing sit-ups and push-ups together right next to Utaya.

The rustling sound her gently soft black hair was making as it swayed, also the sound her T-shirt made when it rubbed the floor, and also even Ayane’s trifling respiration could be heard, so if he glimpsed next to him he could see Ayane, whose glossy cheeks and white nape were flushed pink, doing sit-up exercise while her villainously big breasts shook.

Like this, when it would come to making push-up, her breasts would shake even more, her hair tied into pigtails would fall from her shoulders and as compared to when it’s hidden by her let-down hair, her pure white nape of neck would become completely visible, which was greatly coquettish, and even her earlobes looked so soft.....

(.....I wonder how would they feel if I chewed on them.)

He was taken aback when he became aware of himself calmly thinking like a carnivorous animal with a prey before it.

His spine got instantly completely chilled. The signal light was bright red. If **that** started here and now—.

The fear penetrated the center of his head, his heart became disarrayed into pieces. There's only Ayane and Utaya, just the two of them in the basement club-room. If, right now, that throat-stinging desire assailed him.

He won't be able to suppress it, again.

He would stop being himself. Disgusting, fearsome— **he'll be replaced by something inhuman!**

For an instant, he felt like his field of vision was becoming stained with red, and he covered his face with his hand. Ayane anxiously asked,

“Utaya-kun, are you okay? Are you tired?”

And she came peeking from the side.

It seemed as if nectar from spring flowers was mixed in the sweat falling from her white forehead, such a sweet smell wafted about. He felt nauseated from dread because of that bewitching fragrance.

From between his fingers he saw Ayane who was bending forward and her breasts were drooping and shaking. On the white cleavage peeking from the T-shirt's neckline a drop of sweat was sparkling.

And it slid deep into her cleavage.

(I can't—)

It happened when Ayane bent forward even more and Utaya gulped.

Other members entered the club-room.

“Good morniiiiing.”

It seems that “Good morning” is the standard greeting. While unanimously saying “Morning!” or “Good morning,” the seniors showed up.

“Morning, Ayane! Ah, Utaya-kun has come! Are we, by any chance, intruding?”

“No way, not at all. Right, Utaya-kun?”

“Ah, yes. That's right.”

“Oh. But, you’re face is bright red, Utaya-kun.”

“That’s because Ayane is sexy.”

“That’s right, she’s devilish.”

“That’s not true, I’m not sexy. And I’m not devilish.”

“I-I don’t really mind.”

The urge that was controlling his heart left like a wave, and that relief assisted in his face suddenly heating up.

(Rather, Ayane-san, being devilish.....wasn’t she called the Saint of drama club!)

“He’s become red again, how pure-“

“Ohh-, everyone, I’m not letting you of if you tease Utaya-kun.”

“Ahaha, it’s like you’re Utaya-kun’s older sister, Ayane.”

At the time when Karena transferred clubs, she took along with her the male members, Nitadori had said, but, as the ratio of girls was high, only two male members other than Utaya could be seen, one student who was small and timid-looking and other student with a flat face who left little impression. The two boys didn’t mix in with the girls’ conversation and started stretching by themselves in a corner.

Utaya was teased by the girl members and was becoming red or was sweating.

For now, the thirst in his throat has calmed down. His field of vision was normal.

But when again, he would be assailed by that urge—when he thought what if his field of vision become stained with red, the inside of body shivered.

(As I thought, Ayane-san is dangerous. I have to try not looking at her as much as possible.)

He shouldn’t become conscious of her plump lips, white nape and her softly shaking breasts.

However.

“We’ll do the vocal exercises, follow my example, okay.”

At a distance where a sweet breath would attack Utaya’s ears, A, E, I, U, O, A, O, although Ayane raised her voice, he forgot the warning and was dizzy.

“You should produce your voice not from the throat, but from the stomach. It’s around the area two fingers lined up below the belly button. Also, open your mouth properly. Look closely at my mouth’s movement. “A” is this shape, “E” is this shape.”

She said and lightly touched below Utaya’s belly button with her slender fingers. She was showing him by slowly opening and closing her juicily wet lips, and yet his face became hot again.

Stretching was erotic, but vocalization was erotic too.

(Why is this person erotic at every single thing-)

Was she an airhead, although it seemed that the person herself wasn’t aware of that, but that was actually increasingly bad. With the gaze that was the innocence of the church’s Virgin Mary itself, she was doing erotic vocalization.

“Here, draw in your stomach.”

She said and suddenly pressed tightly his abdomen with her palm. It made him wish she tried to have the same done to her.

It was also embarrassing to have the other girl members looking and grinning at Utaya and Ayane’s exchanges.

The last to appear late was Ichiko who lazily brushed off the hair that fell into her face and with a cool gaze threw a glance at Utaya and said:

“Oh-ho, so you’re immediately being done in by Ayane’s devilishness, Harada-kun.”

“Even Ichiko-san! I, I’m not devilish!”

Ayane’s eyebrows lowered, and Utaya also became stiff.

“I don’t really mind.”

Ichiko sadistically narrowed her eyes she was looking at Utaya with and said in a sharp tone:

“You’re not used to girls, isn’t that so? There are boys like that, right, hanging out only with guys, they show off that they don’t get girls, but in heart are immensely curious lechers who don’t seem it.”

He got flustered that she boldly guessed right. So he firmly answered,

“I’m not like that!”

“Yeah, you’ve said too much, Ichiko-san. Utaya-kun is earnest, you know. He wouldn’t be thinking about impure things during practice. Right, Utaya-kun?”

“Eh! T-That is, well—“

He couldn’t say, that he wouldn’t do that at all. When he actually kept thinking impure things—.

The other club members shed pitiful gazes on Utaya who cut his reply short.

“Ayane is devilish, as expected, right.”

“Yup. Devilish.”

With cold face Ichiko moved behind Ayane, took hold of Ayane’s T-shirt’ collar with both hands and pulled it down to the shoulders.

“Kyah!”

Upper half part of her breasts was exposed to Utaya’s eyes. The two round mounds had a deep, deep valley between them, and their might started to make him faint.

“No way! What are you doing, Ichiko-san! No....., don’t lower iiiit-“

Intentionally turning struggling Ayane with flushing cheeks and teary eyes towards Utaya, Ichiko said again in a dull voice:

“It’s planned that the costume for the play’s premiere will be lowered this much, Harada-kun. You should get used to it too. It won’t be much of a play if just from this much you’d feel like bursting out nosebleed and turn sideways.”

Utaya who was restraining the lower half of his face with his right hand and averting his eyes, groaned from the sense of defeat. Ayane, more and more teary-eyed, said:

“Tha-That’s too lowered. If I bend down, they’ll be vi-.....visible.”

“Almost being visible, but aren’t visible. But even so, they’re visible, but aren’t visible. That dilemma arouses the lust. Showing them to the very limit. But absolutely not showing them. Those huge breasts are your weapon, so if you’re gonna be the Regulus’ top, go through with your resolution and rather than making effort to not show them, figure out how to show them beautifully, okay?”

“I-I’ll try.”

Said Ayane courageously after pulling up her T-shirt. And to Utaya she said apologetically with a red face.



“Utaya-kun, m-maybe something you don’t want to see will enter your eyes, b-
but don’t mind it, okay. Think of them as balls or something.”

“Y-Yes.”

He too answered with a red face.

(This is bad.....)

Thinking that, he sprouted sweat again.

(So it'll be lowered that down at the actual performance, that means that the whole time during the play we'll be in such condition. Am I going to be okay, I wonder?)

If by any chance, he'll be dominated by that desire on the stage, it would be THE END.

No, whatever may be, under such tense circumstances, there's no way **that** will happen.....

At any rate, having to show the breasts so to the limit, just what sort of play is Ichiko planning to do? Don't tell me it's She-Tarzan or snake impersonation again!?

Ichiko casually handed to Utaya a college notebook-sized booklet by throwing it. It was just a bit thicker than a notebook.

“That's your script.”

In confusion, he caught with both hands the booklet that came flying at him.

Looking at the front cover, his body froze over.

[Dracula ~ Eternal Love]

It was clearly printed in letters with eerie design.

From his feet the chilly shivers crept up, and his face muscles were becoming stiff hard like a rock.

In his head, the silver-colored hair that seemed to absorb the moonlight rustled and swayed.

A long haired—

The red, crimson, scarlet-eyed—.

Cold—alluring, red-eyed—.

“My role.....is.”

These words spill from Utaya’s lips in a muffled low voice.

Ichiko informed him mercilessly.

“It’s Count Dracula.”